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Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

Her words were like the bright quick fireflies,
"At fifteen even a devil's a thistle-bloom."

SPRING IN CHINA

The earth's coat is the green of young willows
Beside brown streams.
It is embroidered over with flowering trees—
Plum, peach and apricot.
Her sleeves are scented wondrously;
Her hair is unbound in the wind.
Even the moon is so enamoured
That ere dusk he climbs the stairs of heaven to behold her.

THE GHOULS

All day the long cold fingers of the rain
Have pried at the gray tiles above the graves,
Finishing the work of years in the drear fields
Where coffins lie uncovered in the light
Of sulphurous mustard blooms. Here by the bank
The greedy water has uncovered bones
Shining, blue-white, wet in the biting wind.

THE CURSE

On the cord dead hangs our sister,
She of the wondrous lily feet.
They have blasted our fragrant flower—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

She shall curse them as is meet!
Hold the broom in her dead hand—
Raise her up until she stand.
Backward, forward, sweep the room!
Wealth and happiness and long life
Sweeps she with avenging broom
From the house where she was wife.
Backward, forward, sweep the broom
Sweeping doom, sweeping doom!

Now the gods will surely punish—
Surely pity the young bride.
She was like a willow blossom,
It was springtime when she died.
Hold the broom in her dead hand—
Raise her up until she stand!
She was always flower-gay
Till they broke her smiling heart.
In this house she would not stay—
Take her up—let us depart.

LOVE TOWER

Prince Sung built Tsheng-leng tower
From which he might espy
Dame Sik of the smoke-like hair
And willow waist, go by.

When the moon looked full at the sun
In the month that the asters flower,